

Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality!

S. C. MERCER, Editor.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1862.

The Rebel Newspapers of Nashville.

It was a sad day for Tennessee when every newspaper at the Capitol proved treacherous to the cause of free government and went over to the army of the oligarchy. The influence of the press is almost infinite at all times, for it reaches everywhere, and penetrates every nook and corner in the State. Despite all the ribaldry and foolish spleen uttered by self-constituted censors against newspapers, the press is after all and above all other powers the controlling influence exerted on the public mind. When that influence is wielded by corrupt and selfish men deplorable is the result. Nashville and Tennessee felt the curse of vassalizing, time-serving and unpatriotic newspapers during the ascendancy of rebel power. There were seven newspapers here and all played the part of Judas and sold themselves to treason. There was not one editor who dared to call his soul his own, but all got down in the dust before Baal and blasphemed the true God. Oh that there had been some one who had deserved well of mankind and won eternal honor by boldly speaking out for freedom with clear voice, in that dark and trying hour! Alas, there was no one on the editorial tripod in whose veins flowed heroic blood! One of the worst of these rebel journals, because it at first professed loyalty, was the *Republican Banner*. When this paper went over to the traitors it filled the public mind with all sorts of direful fears, and absurd reports and villainous calumnies. We give some extracts from its issues during the first of this year:

What the Union Army will do.

If the enemy succeed in penetrating the valley of Middle Tennessee, he has gained a foothold which may not be easily wrested from him, and which will carry death and desolation in its track. If the city of Nashville fall into his hands, we may as well pronounce a last farewell to peace and prosperity in this region, for he will surely burn it to the ground. And if the barriers, which we are now opposing to his front, be overturned, and his army succeed in lifting its standard within our territory, and proclaiming its authority over us, we may as well ring the death-knell of liberty in Tennessee.

The woeful spectacle, which such a horrid consummation would surely present, can hardly be conceived.

No nation on earth would be half so degraded, no people half so down-trodden. No rulers half so domineering, arrogant, and unprincipled. The lot of our poorest slaves would be far preferable. Degraded, despised, and insulted on all hands; without a recourse from the atrocities, or a refuge from the malice of individual vengeance; without a guarantee of law for protection of our person or honor, or a sentiment of public morals or virtue for the preservation of our women from abuse and wrong, we should not be long in dwindling away to the pitiable state of all vassalage and serfdom. We should be wiped from the face of the earth. Our soil would quickly pass into the hands of our masters. Our swords would soon be metamorphosed into scythes of slavery. Nothing would be left us but the legends and traditions of our by-gone glory, our rage and disgrace.

The whole policy of the enemy is to lay waste and exterminate. Where he cannot corrupt, he aims to destroy. Where he cannot purchase co-action, his object is to compel submission—not only that of deed, but of thought and conscience. He who wishes to live like a freeman, and die at peace with his own soul, had better beware the supremacy of the monstrous tyranny into which a once noble government has fallen.

People of Nashville! this is what the *Republican Banner* taught you to dread if the Union army—the most gallant, the bravest, the most lenient, and well ordered soldiers the world ever saw—should enter your streets. No wonder you were panic-stricken. No wonder that mothers shrieked in agony as they saw in fevered imagination their daughters dowered before their eyes, by our troops. The *Banner* taught them that this would surely be the awful result. But again, in the true spirit of BEAUREGARD's notorious proclamation, it harps on the same string of "Beauty and Bravery."

Tennesseeans, come out; out of the hills and the dales, with God's blessing resting upon your brave hearts; out, armed and uplifted with the strength and sinews of a holy purpose and a sacred spirit; out, as your fathers did before you in the days of Jackson, and Armstrong, and Carroll; out, with a bound and a burst, which shall scatter and dismay every assault; out, in your might and your right, for the assertion of your freedom.

The price of your soil, and the sanctity of these fair women, your voices, your daughters and your sweethearts.

But the *Banner* did not only make mere ranting and frothy appeals to the people, it coined and published well contrived falsehoods, and willfully and deliberately misrepresented the policy of Mr Lincoln's Administration, by downright fabrications. Here is one instance:

In the beginning of pending difficulties, when the success of the Republican party became known, the most inviting field ever presented for the display of exalted patriotism opened before the gaze of Abraham Lincoln. A country distracted by the bitter conflicts of party and rapidly advancing to its own destruction appealed to him for succor. The foundations of the Government trembled under the storm of passion that swept over the land. By one magnanimous deed—by one faithful word uttered in the spirit of high intelligence to an honest but suspicious people—he might have soothed the throbbings of the nation's pulse and given peace to the public heart. But the purposes of a mean and selfish ambition, invigorated by a deep-seated enmity to one-half of the Republic, alone controlled him, and, it would seem, he rejoiced at heart while beholding the work of national disintegration!

Is there one word of truth in this, or the faintest shadow of a cause for this heinous charge? Not a particle. Not so big as the minutest atom that dances in the solitary sunbeam, which streams through some cranny of a chamber. The Republican Administration forbore to do anything calculated to influence or provoke the Southern mind. The Republican Congress by a two-thirds vote of both Houses adopted a resolution to amend the Constitution, so as to prevent Congress from ever interfering with slavery in the States. They passed territorial bills giving the South an equal chance in the territories, and showed such liberality and fairness, that Benjamin, Iveson, Wigfall, Davis, Toombs and Mason, six U. S. Senators, from the South actually left the Senate for fear that the Crittenden Compromise would be adopted! This is proven by the Congressional journals of the day. They did not want any settlement made, and the Union saved. No, they wanted to destroy it and make a Southern hell-born and hell-bound Confederacy. But the columns of the *Banner* never showed one word of this fact to the people, although it had THREE EDITORS to investigate and present this matter. They preferred to write about Abolitionists, and John Brown, and nigger stealers!

But the *Banner* sought also to impoverish the planters of Tennessee and spread desolation and want through her borders, by inciting them to warfare, and in the event of defeat to destroy the cotton crop which is their chief source of revenue.

To the Rescue.

The planters in the South are burning their cotton. It is evident from the spirit and pluck which meets the appearance of the enemy, on every hand, that a large proportion of the freemen of those Confederate States are ready to present the world with another Moscow, on a vastly larger scale. Rather than add one penny to the weight of Northern capital, or one argument to northern sophistry, or one encouragement to northern hope, the true men who have enrolled themselves under the banner of liberty, are ready to sacrifice everything but honor, to the enterprise we have sworn to carry out. These are perilous times. They try men's souls, and since humanity is weak and the heart is oftenest in the purse, they try men's pockets too. That the call of the Governor has sent a throng of sadness to many a heart and home, we doubt not. But it must not be forgotten, that the exigency which bids us march to our native border, for a common defense, belongs to the first duty of a father, a husband, and a brother. The men in the extreme South are burning their rich crops, rather than see their advance the interest of a deadly, bitter and pestilent foe. We must look well to it, that we do not allow that foe to invade us so far that our only defense shall be the demolition of our own hard-earned toil. God is with us. They cannot whip us. The battle is not to the strong, but to the just, the true, the patriotic. If it does come to the worst, like our brothers of the Gulf coast, we must prepare to fight the devil with fire.

Had this infamously incendiary and rabid appeal been carried out, our beautiful city would now be a mass of grey ashes, charred timbers and blackened walls, and our imperial Capitol itself, a Parthenon laid in ruins while its massive and superb columns were warm from the plastic hands of the constructing deity.

Why should not every man desire to contribute his time and talents to the restoration of the Federal authority and of the Union? Who can find an excuse for standing back?

After this date no shipment of merchandise from this City or State will be allowed, except upon permits therefor issued by the properly constituted Officers of the Government of the United States.

Powerful and Thrilling Sermon on the Curse of Cowardice.

By Reverend S. D. MORGAN, Armageddon, Baldwin, Grand Interpreter of the hidden Mysteries of the South, High Priest of the Wholly of the South, Chief Officer of the seven seals of St. John, Recorder of the Billy Goat of Daniel, and Keeper of the Book of Seven Heads and Ten Horns in the vision of Patmos, Delivered in Nashville, during the night at Fort Donelson, by request of His Excellency Governor ILLIAM G. HARRIS, the Texas Ranger, and the Vigilance Committee, and furnished by the Author for publication in the Nashville Union.

We have the unspeakable pleasure of laying before our readers this morning, one of the finest efforts of the ablest and most incomprehensible of modern divines. Dr. Baldwin is a descendant of the prophet Samuel on the one side and Habakkuk on the other, and of course is a "good egg," or as has been beautifully said, a "whole team and a yaller dog under the wagon." Of his early history we can only say that his name had a significant origin. When he preached his first sermon, an old lady remarked to one of the brethren as they went to church, "Well, that little boss preached a screaming sermon." The brother replied, "I don't know about the preaching, but I'm sure he bawled one. From that hour he was known as 'Brother Bald-win,' by a slight orthographical corruption. Of his great book Armageddon, too much cannot be said. It would do credit to a Lunatic Asylum. It is a work of wonderful weight being the heaviest thing of the kind extant. It is said as an evidence of his systematic mode of doing things, that when writing the great chapter in Armageddon on the 'Goat with Seven Horns' he was in the habit of drinking seven horns a day himself on the sagacious supposition that 'like would produce like!' The following sermon is however his great effort. It was commenced on the memorable Sunday of the Fall of Fort Donelson, and its delivery was unlooked for short by announcement of that unlucky event. But we must no longer delay the sermon.

The services of the occasion were opened with a

PRAYER BY A TEXAS RANGER.

Oh Lord, thou knowest that this thing of praying is altogether out of my line and as hard for me to do as for Wigfall to keep sober, or Jeff Davis to be made pay his debts, or Floyd to keep from stealing. But thou knowest that we are some on tangle-foot whisky, good at horse racing and tip-top at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as John Morgan, or any other man. Help us this day for we are in a peck of trouble and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you.—AMEN!

THE CURSE OF COWARDICE.

Text.—Curse ye Men.—Curse ye Men.

Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duties of your lives. The Yankees in "chariots of fire" are evading and charging like the "beast with seven heads and ten horns" spoken of by St. John.—(Brother McNairy, make that blood hound of yours quit his indecency or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue.) The uncircumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Amiadab, and my soul waxeth "fearfully and wonderfully mad." Oh! Brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave; I didn't mean a *ginsling*, but the sling of the "spirits of just men made perfect," which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren let us see if we can't perforce into the meaning of my text—ah! "Curse ye Men"—ah! My text suggests two points—the *curse* of a *cuss*, and the *cuss* of *cowardice*.

Firstly then, there is always cowardice in a low oratory cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our Publishing House is of piety, which you know my brethren is an "exclusively religious concern," and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy called *Armageddon*. Price one dollar and fifty cents—ab!

Secondly, The *cuss* of *cowardice*. Who may brethren and sisters is a *cuss* of *cowardice*? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a "bull of Bashan" in time of safety and then runs like a "fatted calf" in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about "defending the sanctity of our homes and wives and daughters," and dying in the last ditch." Yea, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he "smelt the battle afar off," but today he reameth like a disconsolate Whangdoodle on the dark mountains of

Hepsidam, roaring for her first born, and "will not be comforted because they are not." Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren—he is a *cuss* and a "cuss of cowardice."

Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that "last ditch," of which you have heard so much. I am afraid that the "feathers will fly" whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The "sword of the Lord" isn't "the sword of Gideon" Pillow, I am certain, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a "cuss," my brother, and a "cuss of cowardice."

There is Wash. Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying coolly at home, while "lowl fellows of the baser sort do the fighting." I believe that this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he *bottle up* at the Yankees? Does he want to "save his bacon" more than to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smothered. He, too, is a "cuss," and a "cuss of cowardice."

Then there is the Vigilance Committee of Nashville. Vigilant about what, I'd like to know. As "vigilant as a cat to steal cream," I guess, as the apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets, and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all "cusses," and "cusses of cowardice."

My Brethren and Sisters: I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFerrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and Brother Huston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not "cusses of cowardice." No, sir-ee!

My Brethren, just get the Almanac and look for that Confederate "eclipse of the Sun," and then get down Brother Mac's Primer and read that heavenly little story about the "Smart Dixie Boy," and then buy a copy of my Armageddon for one dollar and fifty cents, and you will fight like—(Enter messenger wildly exclaiming, "Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!") Oh, Lord, my brethren!—Oh, Lord!—Let's skedaddle!—

The discourse was here broken short, but the pious author assures us that it will be published in full in his next edition of Armageddon, which he requests us to say he will still sell at one dollar and a half.

It seems that they have liars in Baltimore as impudent and fertile in falsehoods as the rebels of Nashville.

Baltimore Secession Canards.

The London Post, received by the last steamer, publishes the following dated from Baltimore:

General McClellan's army at Yorktown has been repulsed with heavy loss; he has returned to Washington, having failed, after three days' hard fighting, during which time he made many assaults, in every one of which he suffered great loss. The gunboat attack on Yorktown and Gloucester Point (opposite Yorktown, on the same river) was repulsed with the loss of four gunboats and four hundred men. His troops have fallen back on Fortress Monroe, and he now proposes to reduce the place by a regular siege. Everything is done with the Federals; the obstacles they meet with of every step have astonished them. A strong effort has been made to keep the public in profound ignorance, but here in our city everything leaks out. A steamer arrives here every day from Fortress Monroe, and trains of cars from Winchester, and the employees will talk.

The grand army of the Potomac has been driven back, and the Confederates are about assuming the offensive. The army of the West is reported routed by the Southern General (Beauregard).

TRUTH.
BALTIMORE, April 8.—The London Herald, in its Baltimore dispatch, says: "Private dispatches from parties who left Richmond on the 1st instant confirm the report of Van Dorn's victory, at Pea Ridge, over the Union army, capturing 6,000 to 7,000 prisoners, 12,000 stand of arms, and 27 pieces of artillery, at least, so says his official report."

Thus the rebels hope to get help from England. How anxious the rascals are to be sheltered by the wing of a monarchy!

The newspapers over the country are all highly approving the proclamation of Gov. Johnson against guerrillas. They say it meets the case exactly.

The hearts of the Union men grow more and more hopeful every day in Tennessee. The morning of redemption comes in splendor.

The following List of Letters was accidentally omitted in our issue of yesterday:

BUSINESS FIRMS.

Northern & McClure Payne & McEwen Steph & Slater Harrison & Son Rice & Smith Miller & Robertson Koenig & Bains Stevenson & Owen Ellison & Matthews Manfield, Lyons & Co Gould & Freeman Montfield T. & Co Scott & O. & Co Reis & Dietzler Thatcher, Hart & Co American Letter Express Company McCrackin & Co Payne, James & Co Bagnall & Co Hays & Co Harris & Co Ferguson & Co Fisher Wholesale Cullins & Co Morris & Co Anderson, Douglas & Co Armstrong & Co Hardy Bros Hill & Akers	Montgomery & McHenry Stoddard & Thompson Borrow John & Son Thoms & Brown Nashville and Chattanooga as Railroad Co. Hall & Payne Laper & Menfice Pace & Lavender Hobbs & Jones Sydney & Frazell Tennessee & Alabama Railroad Co. Washington, Bryan & Co S.M. Parker & Co Harrity, D & Co Anderson R.C. & Co Porter, Johnson & Co Pfeiffer & Co Cheatham M. & E. F. Morris H.B. & Co Graves, Marks & Co Furnham & Co Johnson & Co Church, Anderson & Co Copehland, Affiliated & Co Bose & Cole Cincinnati Miller & Bro Phillips & Archard Hall & Co JOHN LALLYETT, P. M.
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Postoffices Re-opened in Tennessee.

Nashville, (county seat) Davidson county.
Gallatin, (county seat) Sumner co.
Clarksville, (county seat) Montgomery county.
Springfield, (county seat) Robertson county.
Franklin, (county seat) Williamson county.
Columbia, (county seat) Maury co.
Murfreesboro' (county seat) Rutherford county.
Shelbyville, (county seat) Bedford county.
Lebanon, (county seat) Wilson co.
Smithville, (county seat) DeKalb county.
Waterstown, Wilson county.
Liberty, DeKalb " "
Alexandria, DeKalb " "
Palmetto, Bedford " "
Jordan's Valley (Christiana), Rutherford county.

The above list will be kept standing in our columns, and added to from day to day, as other offices are re-opened. We would suggest to papers in Northern States the propriety of copying the above list at least once a week.

New Advertisements.

NEW GOODS

GREAT BARGAINS!!

N. LANDE,

No. 13 Public Square.

(SOUTH SIDE CORNER MARKET.)

HAS received, and is constantly receiving, a large and well selected stock of

HATS, CAPS,

—AND—

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

CALICOES & DOMESTICS,

Which he will sell at wholesale and retail, at reasonable prices, for Cash.

Committed to Jail

O' Davidson County, Tenn., May 17th, 1862, a negro woman, who says her name is ELIZA, and belongs to Bartlett Lott, of Hart County Ky. Said woman is about 22 to 30 years old; 5 feet 6 inches high; weighs about 120 pounds; small nose on right side; blue eyes; under left eye one on left under jaw, near the ear. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, on the law streets.

Committed to Jail

O' Davidson County, Tenn., May 18th, 1862, a negro man, who says his name is BEN, and belongs to Thomas Hede, of Rutherford County. Said man is about 25 or 30 years old; weighs about 165 or 170 pounds; 5 feet 9 1/2 inches high; very black; small nose on right side; blue eyes; under left eye one on left under jaw, near the ear. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, and pay charges, on the law streets.

RANAWAY,

FUGED the subscriber, living in Davidson County, Tenn., on Wednesday night, the 14th inst., TWO NEGRO MEN, named PETE and JOSE. PETE is about 6 feet high; weighs about 175 pounds; of brownish complexion; two of his front upper teeth defective, and is about 22 years old; lanky hair, with pleasant countenance. JOSE is about 20 years old; weighs about 160 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches high; rather a darker shade than his brother PETE. He has a scar from a cut on his left forefinger; down look when spoken to; both clean shaven. They will probably keep together. I will pay 15 dollars a piece for their apprehension, if returned to me, or secured that I can get them; if taken in this county or State, and 50 dollars each if taken out of the State. W. D. SIMPSON, Nashville, May 16th, 1862.

BOOK-BINDERY.

THE new Book Bindery, No. 19 & 21, Dunderberg Street, has resumed business, and is prepared to execute all kinds of **Job Work** and **Blank Work** in neat and elegant style. Books and Orders left at W. T. BERRY'S Book store, at the Bindery, will receive prompt attention. May 15-1w

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE,

At J. F. Engster's Grocery Store.

No. 51, CORNER STREET, NEAR CHURCH.

REAL imported Swiss, Limburg and Western Swiss Cheese, dried Prunes, cherries, split Peas, Beans, Barley, Oatmeal, Vermicelli, Macaroni, all kinds of Soap, Tobacco and 5000 other goods. Herring, Sardines, Pickles, all other kinds of Groceries. May 15-1w

SHEWMAKER & ROBB, Army Intelligence Office.

No. 11, SOUTH FOURTH STREET, (BETWEEN MARKET AND WALNUT.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Established for the Benefit of Strangers.

CONING TO BY LEAVE IN SEARCH OF

Sick, Wounded, or Soldiers that have Died from Wounds or Sickness.

CORRECT INTELLIGENCE WILL BE GIVEN OF the condition of any Sick or Wounded Soldier in ST. LOUIS, LOUISVILLE, CINCINNATI, NASHVILLE, MOUNTAIN CITY, or any other Hospital in the Western Department. This is the only Army Intelligence Office in the United States, and information regarding Soldiers from any part of the U.S. can be given at any time, by calling at or writing to the Army Intelligence Office, Post Office Box No. 1565. N. B.—Persons coming to St. Louis in search of their Friends will obtain all necessary information by calling at our Office, No. 11, South Fourth Street, May 15, 1862.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

No. 11, South Fourth St.,

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Established for the benefit of strangers coming to St. Louis in search of

SICK OR WOUNDED

and for persons living at a distance who can write to the Army Intelligence Office and obtain reliable information of any soldier that can be located in the States of

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky and Missouri.

CORRECT INTELLIGENCE WILL BE GIVEN OF any soldier from the above States, whether Sick, Wounded, or in the hands of the Rebels, and in what battle he may have been engaged, and where his regiment is stationed.

Information will also be given of the condition of any sick or wounded soldier in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Nashville, Mountain City, or any Hospital in the Western Department; and where those killed in battle, or have died from their wounds, are buried, and where those taken prisoners are confined.

This is the only Army Intelligence Office in the Department of the Mississippi, or Western Department, and information of soldiers from any of the above States can be given at any time by calling or writing to the Army Intelligence Office.

Persons writing will please give the name of the soldier, what State he is from, and the number of his regiment. Charges for any kind of Army Intelligence will be Two Dollars, and any person writing will please enclose the amount, in order to secure attention to their inquiries.

Address: Army Intelligence Office, St. Louis, Mo., in care P. O. Box 1565.

May 15, 1862—1y

GRIFFITH & PARSONS

General Produce and Commission

MERCHANTS

No. 7 College Street.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

100 Bushels Oats,

800 Barrels Flour,

5,000 Hams,

3000 Lbs. Bacon,

3,000 Shoulders,

Coffee, Spice, Pepper,

Candles, Soap, Fish,

Cheese, Fruits, Brooms,

And many other articles, daily arriving from North and South.

For Sale Cheap.

2000 Cotton, Tobacco, and other Produce, received and sold on Commission.

Bakers Wanted.

TWO or three GOOD BAKERS, to whom reasonable wages, in P. O. PAYMENT, will be paid. FOR SALE, 100 BBL'S FLOUR, Extra Family, selected grade. GROUND COFFEE, by the pound, for sale. Apply to May 15-1w

J. B. ALLEN, At the United States Bakery.

To Pleasure Seekers.

THE undersigned desires to inform the public that he has got a No. 1 SAIL BOAT, the "EAGLE," Parties desiring of making excursions up or down the river, will find this boat well worthy the patronage of a pleasure going party.

May 17-3w

HUGH McLEAN.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a Writ from the Honorable Court of Davidson County, Tennessee, at its March Term, 1862, I will expose to public sale, at the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House Yard, in the City of Nashville, on Saturday, the 17th day of June, 1862, the right, title, claim, interest and estate, which C. E. WISEMAN then had, or may have claim acquired, in and to the following described lot of ground, lying in the City of Nashville, Davidson County, Tennessee: Lot No. 114, known as Barrow's Grove, as per Sam. Wadley's Survey of said Barrow's Grove, in the Southern office, Book 9, Page 244, beginning at the Southern corner of said Lot, at the intersection of Mulberry and High streets, running thence on the East side of High street, Northwesterly towards the town of Nashville, 172 1/2 feet, to a stake; thence at right angles Eastwardly 210 feet, to a 16 foot alley; thence at right angles Southwesterly 172 1/2 feet to Mulberry street; thence at right angles 210 feet with Mulberry street, to the beginning, being in and on the property of C. E. WISEMAN, to satisfy a judgment in favor of James M. Barrow, against C. E. WISEMAN, B. WISEMAN, A. B. STANLAND, and E. L. Woods.

This May 6th, 1862.

J. M. HINTON, Sheriff of Davidson Co.

RUDOLPH WURLITZER,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

No. 123 Main Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

KEE'S constantly on hand a large supply of Harps, and Brass and German Violins, Military Band instruments, which he can offer at as low prices as any Eastern house. Orders by mail or Express promptly attended to.

May 15-1w